

1246  
17

P O E M

T O T H E

M E M O R Y

O F

L A D Y M I L L E R.

By Miss S E W A R D, (authr) &c.

Author of the ELEGY on Capt. COOK, and MONODY  
on Major ANDRÉ.

---

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.  
M,DCC,LXXXII.

P. O. BOX 100

JOHN

M. E. M. O. R. Y.

LADY MILLER.

BY MR. S. E. W. A. R. D.

Author of the "HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF LONDON"



45.  
7-726 1

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. JOHNSON, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.  
MDCCCXXXII.



THE late LADY MILLER, of BATH-  
EASTON, near BATH, held an Assembly at that  
elegant Villa once a Fortnight during the Bath Season.  
She rendered this Meeting a Poetical Institution, giving  
out Subjects at each Assembly for Poems to be read at  
the ensuing one.

The Verses were deposited in an antique Etruscan  
Vase, and were drawn out by Gentlemen appointed to  
read them aloud, and to judge of their rival Merits.  
These Gentlemen, ignorant of the Authors, selected  
three Poems from the Collection which they thought most  
worthy of the three Myrtle Wreaths, decreed as the  
Rewards and Honours of the Day. The Names of the  
Persons who had obtained the Prizes were then an-  
nounced by Lady Miller. Once a Year the most inge-  
nious of these Productions were published. Four Volumes  
have already appeared, and the Profits been applied to the  
Benefit of a Charity at Bath; so that Lady Miller's  
Institution

*Institution was not only calculated to awaken and cultivate Ingenuity, but to serve the Purposes of Benevolence and Charity. It had continued about six Years, and ceased with the Death of its amiable Patroness.--- That event happened in July 1781.*

**P O E M**



---

---

P O E M  
T O T H E  
M E M O R Y  
O F  
L A D Y M I L L A R.

---

**N**O T to your shades alone, ye martial Dead,  
The scatter'd flow'rs of plaintive rhyme belong,  
Tho' Valour, marching round your grave, may shed  
The richest seeds of elegiac song;  
Tho' Fame's proud chissel o'er your trophied tomb  
Hangs the bright falchion high, and bends the warrior-  
plume.

B

When

When Death with silent footstep prints the plain,  
 And spreads o'er female worth his sable pall,  
 Shall Poesy renounce the mournful train,  
 Shall her melodious tears refuse to fall,  
 Where Friendship's sighs, where Love's deep groans  
 invite,  
 And Virtue calls aloud to aid the solemn rite ?

Ye, who essay'd to weave the golden thread,  
 And gem with flow'rs the woof of high applause,  
 The pious veil o'er shroudless ANDRÉ spread,  
 O'er ANDRÉ, murder'd in his country's cause ;

Ye, who with foliage dun and plumage grey,  
 Rear'd high the sacred shade that wav'd o'er COOKE'S  
 Morai ;

Ye Sister Nine, that weep departed worth,  
 Pour from your echoing strings the soothing lay,  
 Chaunt the slow requiem o'er this hallow'd earth,  
 That hides your LAURA's life-deserted clay ;

Hides

Hides the cold heart, which glow'd with all your fires,  
 The hand, that deck'd with wreaths your many-chorded  
 lyres.

Oft have ye seen her, in her classic bow'rs,  
 Weave the rich myrtle round the early rose ;  
 And grace with dearer joy the festive hours  
 Than vain parade, or idle mirth bestows ;  
 While from her glance benign young Genius caught  
 Spirit to ope fresh mines of soul-exalting thought.

And fure, o'er polish'd circles to diffuse  
 The new ambition, virtuous and refin'd,  
 To the light Graces lead the loftier Muse,  
 And their twin'd hands with rosy chaplets bind,  
 Not less deserves the meed of tuneful Praise,  
 Than Valour his proud wreath, than Wit his deathless  
 bays.



To her gay dome, that decks the breezy vale,

Enlighten'd Pleasure led a jocund crew,

And youths and virgins in the vernal gale,

With eager step to her chaste revel flew ;

While to the inspiring God that gilds the day

Pure the devotion rose in many a glowing lay.

Propitious heard the Pow'r, and gaily beam'd,

Gilding the foliage of the verdant shrine ;

And bending o'er her Vase, fair LAURA seem'd

The smiling Priestess of the sacred Nine,

As her green wreath she wove, to grace the Bard,

Whose sweet superior song might claim the wish'd

reward.

But now, disastrous change !---alas ! no more

Her gentle looks, and dulcet voice invite

The willing train their festive songs to pour,

And wing the passing moments with delight ;

O'er

O'er the lone Vase, e'erwhile so gaily crown'd,  
A dim hand draws the veil of fable lawn around;

And to her Shade the mingled dirge of Woe

Ascends from \*HARRINGTON's harmonious hand,  
The plaintive sounds, with varied sweetness flow,

And thro' the scenes that feel her loss expand;  
His melting notes impress with magic art:  
Her recollected worth on ev'ry generous heart.

Benignant LAURA! to the Muses dear,

Thy virtuous mind with bright ambition glow'd,  
To tune the lyre, the votive shrine to rear,  
By Science hallow'd in their fair abode;  
From sterling wit to clear each base alloy,  
And fill with purest fires the crystal lamp of Joy.

\* An ELEGY to the Memory of LADY MILLAR, set to music for three voices,  
by Dr. HARRINGTON of Bath.

With

With high-soul'd pleasure, and ingenuous truth,  
 'Twas thine to nurse the hopes of young Renown;  
 'Twas thine to elevate the views of youth;  
 To look, with calm disdain, superior down  
 On Pride's cold frown, and Fashion's pointed leer;  
 On Envy's serpent lie, and Folly's apeish sneer.  
 Wide thro' the murky shades by Malice shed  
 To shroud its blossoms, and its foliage blight,  
 With rising strength thy verdant altar spread,  
 And bards of loftiest spirit join'd its rite;  
 And with their oaken, and their laurel crown  
 Inwove thy myrtle buds, fair wreath of fair Renown!  
 Tho' all unknown to Fame its artless reed,  
 My trembling hand, at thy kind bidding, tried  
 To crop the blossoms of th' uncultur'd mead,  
 The primrose pale, the briar's blushing pride,  
 And



And on thy vase with true devotion laid  
The tributary flow'rs---too soon, alas! to fade.

Safe thro' thy gentle ordeal's lambent flame,  
My Muse, aspiring dar'd the \* fiercer blaze,  
Which Judgment lights before the hill of Fame,  
With calm determin'd hand and searching gaze ;  
But for thy lib'ral praise, with awful dread,  
Far from those burning bars my trembling feet had fled.

Clad in the fine Asbestos light attire,  
By Elegance inwove with nicest care,  
Of pow'r to pass unhurt the public fire,  
Where critic Wit bids all his beacons glare,  
The † sprightly WINFORD, at her LAURA's fane,  
Pass'd thro' its milder flames, amid th' applauding train.

\* *Fiercer blaze.*—The Reviewers.

† *Sprightly Winford.*—See Miss Winford's elegant Poem, *The Hobby Horse*, printed in the fourth volume of *Poetical Amusements* at Bath Easton.

The

The \* Nymph of Dronfield there with snowy hand,  
 To gay Thalia swept the silver wires;  
 The frolic Muse attends her soft command,  
 And the free strain with many a charm inspires;  
 Long be it hers in lettered scenes to please,  
 By quick Invention's fire, and Nature's graceful ease.  
 Dear to the parent-source from whence I drew  
 The spark of life, and all that life endears,  
 † Time-honour'd Graves! with duteous joy I view  
 Thy hollies blushing through the snow of years;  
 Their wintry Colours the chaste Shrine adorn,  
 Vivid as Genius blends in Life's exulting morn.

\* *Nymph of Dronfield*.—See Miss Rogers's *Invocation to the Comic Muse*, fourth volume of *Poetical Amusements*.

† *Time-honour'd Graves*.—Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverton, author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, &c.

Triumphant

Triumphant youth fann'd the poetic flame  
 Of noble FIELDING, whose energetic soul  
 So early wing'd him up the steep of Fame,  
 And gain'd, e'er manhood's dawn, the distant goal ;  
 Still in his lays the wounded breast shall find  
 A charm, that sooths to rest each \* Vulture of the mind.

From Woodland scenes, in § Stamford's flow'ry vale,  
 With Learning, Peace, and Virtue, fond to dwell,  
 And ring his wild Harp to the passing gale,  
 While DRYDEN's spirit hovers o'er the shell,  
 Invention led her musing Son among  
 Sweet LAURA's Delphic shades, that crown'd his mystic  
 fong.

\* *Vulture of the Mind*.—Alluding to the *Chorus Ex Prometheus*, presented to the vase by the Hon. Charles Fielding, then of Harrow School. See fourth volume of Poetical Amusements.

§ *Stamford's flow'ry vale*.—Rev. Mr. Butt, Rector of Stamford in Worcestershire. His Verses on the *Pythagorean System* had the Wreath.—See fourth volume of Poetical Amusements.



And graceful JERNINGHAM, benignly brought  
 His gentle Muse, of \* Bigot-Rage the foe;  
 And skill'd to blend the force of reasoning Thought  
 With Sensibility's enamour'd glow;  
 Skill'd o'er † frail Love to draw the sacred veil,  
 Whose mournful texture floats on Fancy's boyant gale.

There ‡ tender WHALLEY struck his silver lyre  
 To Love and Nature strung,---as mingled flows  
 With elegiac sweetness epic fire,  
 In the soft story of his Edwy's woes;  
 Its beauteous page shall prompt, thro' distant years,  
 The thrill of generous joy, the tide of pitying tears.

\* *Bigot Rage*.—Mr. Jerningham, though a Roman Catholic, has ably combated monastic enthusiasm, in his ingenious Poem, *The Nun*.

† *Frail Love*.—See Mr. Jerningham's *Funeral of Aribert*.

‡ *There Tender Whalley*.—Rev. Mr. Whalley of Langford Court, near Bristol, author of that interesting love poem, *Edwy and Edilda*.

\* Near

\* Near him a Bard, of many a fair design,  
 On the crown'd Vase the varied treasure pil'd,  
 And Oh ! let moral Truth, and Fancy join,  
 To grace sweet Sympathy's poetic Child !  
 That his rich chaplet with that verse may vie,  
 Which throws the roseate ray on Nature's social tie !

ANSTEY himself wou'd join the sportive Band,  
 ANSTEY, enlivener of the serious earth !  
 At the light waving of whose magic wand,  
 New fountains rose, and flow with endless mirth ;  
 Pouring on Fancy's soul a glow as warm,  
 As Bath's rich springs impart to Health's reviving form.  
 Immortal Truth, for his salubrious song,  
 Pluck'd the unfading laurel from her fane ;  
 Since oft', amid the laugh of Momus' throng,  
 Wisdom has gravely smil'd, and prais'd the strain ;

\* *Near him a Bard.*—Mr. Pratt author of a late poem called, *Sympathy, or Social Sketches.*

Pleas'd to behold the Fool's of Fashion hit  
By new, unrival'd shafts of Ridicule and Wit.

Bright glows the list of many an honour'd Name,  
Whom Taste in LAURA's votive throng surveys ;  
But HAYLEY flashes in a type of flame,  
Trac'd by a sun-beam the broad letters blaze !  
Rapt Britain reads the long-recording fire,  
Claps her triumphant hands, and bids her realms  
admire !

While check'd by gen'rous Friendship's modest frown,  
That will not hear the praise it joys to give ;  
My fingers quit the chords of high renown,  
On which his young, but deathless glories live ;  
Yet with these lays one grateful wish shall blend,  
And on Devotion's wing to lift'ning Heav'n ascend.

Thro'



Thro' lengthen'd years that pass, and passing shine,  
 While Health and Joy, on their bright moments wait,  
 May his pure mind, with all its warmth benign,  
 Set late and cloudless in the depths of Fate;  
 Not early, like fair LAURA's spirit, fly  
 From this dark earthly scene, to its congenial sky!

Stay the white radiance of thy silver car  
 O'er LAURA's hallow'd turf, fair Queen of Night,  
 From the mild orb of thy prelusive star,  
 Feeding its pensive flow'rs with dewy light!  
 For so her gentle spirit oft' wou'd shed  
 Soft Pity's light and dews on Pain's deserted  
 head.

When Fashion o'er her threw the shining vest,  
 When Pleasure round her trill'd the Syren song,  
 The sighs of Pity swell'd her polish'd breast,  
 The tones of Mercy warbled from her tongue;

She

She bade the fires of classic lore pervade  
 With \* Charity's kind warmth, Misfortune's barren  
 shade.

Not in the wealth of Andes' glitt'ring mines,  
 Not in the charms the zone of Love bestows,  
 The female Form so exquisitely shines,  
 Tho' Empire binds the circlet on her brows,  
 As when Compassion sheds her lustre meek,  
 Swims in the moisten'd eye, and wets the glowing  
 cheek.

O witness Thou, so eminently good,  
 That in the regal robe, and beauty's pride,  
 At Calais' conquer'd gate, sweet smiling stood,  
 By thy victorious Edward's awful side!  
 In martial ire War's fable cloud he seem'd,  
 And thou the radiant bow, that o'er its darkness beam'd.

\* *Charity's kind warmth.*—Lady Millar's poetic institution was also a charitable one.

Boast of thy sex, and glory of the throne !

O'er all thy Form what matchless graces spread,  
When thy fair eyes in moist suffusion shone,

And from thy cheek the changing crimson fled,  
As on the neck of Edward's captive foes  
To thy afflicted sight th' opprobrious cord arose !

Oh ! while the Fair, with soul-subduing pow'r,

On her bent knee their forfeit-lives implor'd ;

When, like two stars seen thro' a rushing show'r,

Her watry eyes gaz'd earnest on her lord,

'Twas then thy virtues, loveliest Queen, outshone

Thy Edward's victor-plume, waving o'er Gallia's  
throne !

Thus while with fervent zeal the auspicious Nine

O'er LAURA's form the classic cestus threw,

Hung all their golden harps within her shrine,

And ting'd her wreaths with undecaying hue,

Yet



Yet Charity, thy soft seraphic flame  
A purer glory shed around her spotless name.

And harmonizing sweet with Friendship's lyre  
The grateful blessings of the Poor shall blend,  
And borne on Angel-wings to Heaven's full choir,  
Sublime the breath of Gratitude ascend ;  
With strains more dulcet swell the aspiring gales,  
Than rise from Pindus' grove, than float in Thespian  
vales.

Nor yet that worth, which shunn'd the public view,  
Wilt thou, O mournful Muse ! refuse to sing ;  
Each virtue rather to its shade pursue,  
And stoop from shining heights thy trembling wing ;  
Teach the soft sex whence genuine transport flows,  
Tell them, domestic joy the fullest bliss bestows.

This

This beauteous lesson may they wisely read  
In the white page of LAURA's vital state ;  
And emulate each great, each gentle deed,  
That crown'd her fame, or that disarm'd her fate ;  
For sky-rob'd Innocence can smiling brave  
The dart of instant Death, and triumph o'er the grave.

O, born to smoothe the rugged path of life,  
For all who trod with thee its mazy round !  
Where neither gloomy Care, nor noisy Strife,  
Dark Spleen or haggard Jealousy were found ;  
For Cheerfulness and Love, with potent sway,  
The Lares of thy hearth, chas'd ev'ry Fiend away.

Since well thou knew'st, nor Pomp nor festal show,  
In the gay revel of their gorgeous night,  
On Youth's warm breast cou'd breathe so pure a glow,  
As sweet domestic Comfort's chearing light ;  
For soft she sheds, on halcyon pinions borne,  
Her poppies o'er the Night, her roses on the Morn.

In Dissipation's giddy circle whirl'd  
 One joy sincere can erring Beauty prove,  
 A Rake's loose homage or a flatt'ring world,  
 Supply the Sweetness of connubial Love;  
 Where fix'd Esteem shall lasting joy inspire,  
 And blend the Husband's faith with all the Lover's fire?

Nor less that bliss the virtuous bosom knows  
 Whilst its fond care a Parent's woe beguiles;  
 When Life's pale winter, with the filial Rose  
 Adorn'd and happy, still serenely smiles;  
 Lulls the chill gale of each repining sigh,  
 And basks in Joy's warm gleam when the lov'd Child is nigh.

Thus duteous LAURA hung, with Vestal Care,  
 O'er the dim trembling light of waning Age;  
 The waste of Time and Sickness to repair,  
 And steal attention from each dark presage;  
 Discharging thus Affection's vast arrears  
 Of countless debts incurr'd thro' Childhood's helpless  
 years.



And thus her Infants, in a distant hour,  
 With fairest worth parental hopes had blest ;  
 Strew'd her declining path with ev'ry flow'r,  
 Her soft'ring hand had planted in their breast ;  
 But ah ! that hand is cold ! and points no more  
 The surest path of Peace, on Virtue's sacred shore !

Ye lovely Innocents, whose loss severe  
 The Muse with tender sympathy surveys,  
 If such memorials as her Love can rear  
 May catch, in future years, your filial gaze,  
 Here may your Parent's pure emblazon'd name  
 Light you to fairest deeds by Emulation's flame !

Yet must this Verse thy kind indulgence crave,  
 THOU, who wilt most perceive its failing art ;  
 Who view'st, slow wand'ring round thy LAURA's grave,  
 Her juster Image in thy widow'd heart ;  
 For the fond wish to bid her merits live,  
 Forgive the fainter tints, the erring line forgive !

O faithful

O faithful Memory! may thy lamp illumine  
 Her honour'd Sepulchre with radiance clear;  
 Connubial Love shall rest upon her tomb,  
 And Infant Duty shed its April tear;  
 There, with veil'd brows, Parental Fondness mourn,  
 Bend o'er the holy Earth, and consecrate her Urn!

To joyful Innocence, whose lot is pure

The Male with tender sympathy survive

If their memorials as her love can rest

May catch, in future years, thy light

Here may your Father's pure emblem'd name

Light you to kindle death by Emulation's flame!

Yet must this Verse thy kind indulgence crave

THOU, who wilt most perceive its falling art;

Who view'st, how wand'ring round thy Laura's grave,

Her juster Image in thy widow'd heart;

For the fond wish to bid her merits live,

Forgive the fainter lines, the crying lines forgive!

O faithful